



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
THE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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THE Philharmonic Concert of last Monday week enjoys the disastrous pre-eminence of being the very worst that has been held for seven years past, and, for aught we know to the contrary, since the foundation of the Society. The subscribers who were present evinced their indignation in no equivocal terms; and the performance has been justly denounced by every writer of the musical press, whose opinion on the matter is worth a straw. MR. CIPRIANI POTTER has been freely, and generally pointed out as the author of this shameful blot on the Philharmonic escutcheon; and notwithstanding the respect in which we hold the talents and acquirements of this gentleman, we cannot conscientiously acquit him from a considerable share of the blame. But without entering more particularly into the occurrences of this memorable night, we shall devote this article to a subject we have often noticed in our pages, viz.—the qualifications and duties of a Musical Conductor, which are comparatively but of recent appreciation in any of our English orchestras, and in many of them still continue to be imperfectly known, or wantonly disregarded. At a Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, held some fifty years ago, DR. HAYES, the then Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, stood up with a long roll of paper in his hand, for the purpose of assuming the direction of the band. The leader (ASHLEY) asked, who that stout gentleman was, and what was his object? On being told that the doctor came for the purpose of conducting the performance, he replied, "When he sits down I will begin, and not before."

We are not, however, at this time of day, called upon to discuss the propriety of securing the services of a Conductor, in order adequately to develop the resources of an assemblage of instrumentalists or vocalists; and we shall not require too much at the hands of this important functionary, if we insist on his possessing a perfect knowledge of the music, whose performance he directs—an intimate acquaintance with the powers and capabilities of every in-

strument in the orchestra, and with the effects of their various combination—an accurate appreciation of the capacity and degree of skill of each member in the band—a thorough understanding with the leader—an acute and instant perception of error, including the faculty of unerringly detecting and pointing out the offender, so that the band is not wearied or annoyed by unnecessary and ineffectual starts and repetitions—personal inspection and comparison of the copies to be played from, so that no blunders are left without correction,—and lastly, unbending firmness united to an habitual serenity of temper. We have not enumerated all the qualifications desirable in a Conductor; but in the absence of any of those we have specified, no person occupying this responsible post can hope to secure the confidence or respect of his orchestra. He may be endured, and not openly thwarted, because it may be in his power to promote the professional interests of some of the individuals under his direction, while others, from motives of private friendship, may shut their eyes to his deficiencies, and endeavour to neutralize his mistakes. Under these circumstances a musical performance may come off without the exhibition of glaring defects; but the “mens divinior” of an able Conductor will be wanting.

The most efficient Conductor is the composer who has spent his life in the orchestra, where he has acquired an experimental knowledge of the separate powers and combined effects of the various instruments—the facilities of this, the difficulties of that; and the genius, or faculty of keeping up the play, or “swing” of a band, without letting its members constantly feel the bit.

The most celebrated foreign Conductors, who have visited this country, have been WEBER, SPOHR, CHELARD, NEUKOMM, and MENDELSSOHN. The first named divides the honour with CHELARD, of having effected considerable improvements in our theatrical orchestras. The mere practical man acknowledged in the artist—the composer—a superior power, to which he paid a willing and grateful homage. He felt himself relieved from a load of responsibility, and looked up with confidence and esteem to one, who by the wave of his baton, the expression of his countenance, or glance of an eye, indicated his wishes, or communicated his approval. Such a Conductor says plainly, by his manner, to every individual who demands his immediate attention, “I know your instrument, its scale, powers, and infirmities—I know the extent of your command over it—I know what the composer has assigned to your charge, what notes you are to bring out, and which to subdue.” No wonder that the performer implicitly submits to the guidance of a man who, he is satisfied, will never lead him astray.

We never saw a more striking instance of the value of a skilful Conductor than was exhibited at the last York Festival, when the CHEVALIER NEUKOMM directed the performance of an MS. anthem of his own composition. His arms, hands, and eyes, seemed endowed with ubiquity; and notwithstanding the huge orchestra, (containing not less than six hundred members), had, through the hesitation and indecision evinced by Mr. KNYVETT, been on several occasions very unruly, and ruined the effect of several well known compositions, yet the instant NEUKOMM arose, and displayed the strength of knowledge and experience, combined with perfect self-possession, the elements of discord were charmed into

harmony and order, and the Chevalier's production, although worthless as a specimen of sacred music, went off with a freedom, spirit, ease, and certainty, unequalled throughout the Festival; and many an ardent wish was breathed, that he might retain his situation, and direct the remainder of the performance.

The splendid revival of Beethoven's choral symphony must be attributed to the unwearyed exertions of Mr. MOSCHELES, to apprehend and elicit its numberless beauties. It has been reported that this able musician played over the glorious record of his instructor's genius, in conjunction with his accomplished lady, until it was not only impressed on his memory, but engraved on his heart; and he then betook himself to a diligent study of the score. These preliminaries were followed by consultations with Mr. LODER, the leader, which led to mutual explanations and suggestions; and the result enabled Mr. MOSCHELES to conduct this noble symphony as it ought to be conducted, and to earn and merit the triumphant success which crowned his labours.

The performance of the *St. Paul*, at the late Birmingham Festival, and of Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D, under the direction of their composer, present themselves to our recollection as two additional instances of the almost magic power wielded by a Conductor, who is alike conversant with the music he directs, and with the temper of an orchestra. On these occasions there was a more than willingness—an alacrity—on the part of the band to yield to the slightest impulse of the mighty mind which inhabited the feeble frame standing before them; and those who heard the spirit-stirring grandeur with which these compositions were executed, will not easily forget the electrifying sensations they experienced and witnessed.

In the metropolis we have the example of a masterly Conductor in the person of M. COSTA. That noble orchestra, the Italian Opera band, without rival in England, if in Europe, is completely under the control and *surveillance* of this distinguished artist, who has carried the art of direction to such a pitch that he can indicate the due execution of the smallest fraction of a bar. M. COSTA's management of his band finely exemplifies the despotic sway which ought ever to be exercised over an orchestra, founded, nevertheless, on learning, and tempered with courtesy. If this gentleman has a fault in his mode of conducting—and the failing leans on the side of virtue—it is that his manner is somewhat *de trop prononcée*.

We must not omit to include HERR STRAUSS among the number, which our space will permit us to enumerate, of able Conductors. We were surprised and gratified at witnessing, on Monday last, his direction of the concertos of Madame Blahetka and Mayseder, executed by those youthful but clever little artists, Miss Day and Mdlle. Milanollo. Instead of retiring, as is the custom of some Philharmonic Directors, during the performance of a concerto, into an obscure corner, or sitting down in the face of the audience, with a happy indifference on the duties of a Conductor, HERR STRAUSS took his place in the centre of the orchestra, and amidst all the licences, and allowed liberties of the concerto-performer, watched both his band and the music with Argus-eyed attention, the brilliant effect of which was discovered and appreciated by every musician in the room.

The concerts of the *Conservatoire* at Paris may be said to owe their celebrity—the delicate and refined expression which characterizes their performance of the gems of musical art—to the accomplished conducting of M. HABENECK. Here there is no misunderstanding between a leader and director, who are severally beating different degrees of time in equal ignorance of the correct one; no pert or mutinous expressions escape from the members of an orchestra, who feel their relative position towards a Conductor, whose "knowledge is power."

The scenes exhibited at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society and Societa Armonica, not to mention several amateur associations, induce us to assert that in the art of conducting an orchestra, most of our professors have much to learn, and something to forget; the requisite information is to be acquired, the misplaced presumption of directing a composition at first sight, to be laid aside. A conductor ought not to grasp his wand of office until he has thoroughly embued his mind with the contents of every symphony, overture, aria, or other concerted vocal piece, of which he assumes the direction. He ought neither to betray nor experience any fear of his leader, and should so conduct himself as to be seen and felt to be the natural head and guardian of his band—during a concerto, the interpreter of "the wants and wishes" of the solo performer, during a song or other vocal piece, the protector and shield of the defenceless singer. The present practice at the Philharmonic Concerts is for the Conductor to take his ease at the pianoforte, or to retreat into some hole or nook, throughout the execution of a concerto or song, and calmly to leave the hapless wretch, who has accepted the invitation to be victimized at a Philharmonic sacrifice, to the tender mercies of a band, which is not ashamed to use a giant's strength with a tiger's ferocity.

We are inclined to believe that the Philharmonic Society will never attain the perfection, which the talent assembled within its ranks would enable it to reach, until the orchestra is subjected to a strictly monarchical government; and the individual to be entrusted with this exclusive authority should be selected, not because he is the director of this festival or that concert, but because he is the master-genius of the metropolis. Let any impartial observer compare the condition of the Philharmonic orchestra with that of the Opera band—the one a democracy, all masters and no servants—the other a pure, but inflexibly just despotism, all order and obedience. It is true that grand orchestral pieces at a Philharmonic Concert are usually played with smoothness and steadiness, circumstances which may be attributed to the possession of so much *esprit de corps*, as makes each artist sensible that, to a certain extent, he is individually responsible for the accuracy of the performance; and to the consciousness among the members of the band, that if the time is correctly kept on their part, the professor's baton will probably follow "the swing" of the orchestra. But this compromise of distinct duties should not be permitted to lessen the character and influence of the Philharmonic Society. To preserve it as the first instrumental association in this country, there must be a change of measures, and men must understand what they are pleased to undertake.

The remarks we have made in reference to the faulty system of conducting which obtains at the Philharmonic meetings, apply with tenfold force to those of the

Societa Armonica, which is a very ill-favoured likeness of its sister association. The Ancient Concerts deserve a fuller consideration than our already greatly exceeded limits will admit. Until the Noble Directors determine to appoint a genuine organist—one who by the assistance of his feet can bring into full play the powers of the instrument, and thus relieve the present Conductor from that portion of his duty, it is an abuse of terms to compliment the institution with the possession of such a functionary at all. If the music needs no direction, offices should still be called by their right names, and a hand-organist should not be elevated to the dignity of a Conductor.

METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

MR. R. CART'S SOIREEs terminated on Monday evening with considerable *éclat*, and the announcement that they would be resumed during the next season. The most striking performance was Hummel's septet executed by Mangold, Clinton, G. Cooke, Catchpole, Hill, Lidel, and Muller. The pianist, Mangold, plays well, and having been a pupil of Hummel, his reading was unexceptionable. The flute performances were fantasias by Drouet and Nicholson, performed by Cart, Saynor, and Minasi. There was also a duet for piano and flute, and a solo for the cornopean. The vocalists, Miss Masson, Miss Woodham, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Parry, jun., contributed to enliven and relieve the instrumental portions of the scheme. Sir George Smart conducted.

MRS. SHAW'S CONCERT.—To the exercise of the charming talents of this vocalist, we attribute a revolution in an important branch of the art, viz.—the rescue of a series of fine compositions which for a long period had been in the hands of gentlemen but little qualified by nature to do justice to their merits. Nature is the standard of all goodness in the world of art, and we never could listen to the grand and glorious mezzo-soprano melodies of Handel with any patience, whilst oozing from the stifled and squeezed-up tones of some portly looking gentleman, redolent with the generous fumes of a city dinner. Mrs. Shaw was the first vocalist, who relieved her rivals from the danger of suffocation, and the impression she made on her first appearance in the songs "He was despised," "He shall feed his flock," and "Behold a Virgin," was an appeal to the heart, which once heard was to be remembered for ever. But it is not only in the serious aria that this lady has established a reputation. Her subsequent efforts have evinced a faculty of dramatic expression, and that in compositions of no ordinary difficulty, requiring a nice appreciation of the beautiful in music, as well as great natural endowments. With such a reputation it was no matter of surprise to find the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday last thronged with a most brilliant and fashionable assembly. The programme was excellent. The instrumental compositions were the overture to the Naiades, by Bennett, a concerto on the violoncello, by Lidel, a fantasia by Doepler, a MS. duet for two pianofortes, by Hummel, and a fantasia on the flute, by Heinemeyer. The solo performances of M. M. Doepler, Lidel, and Heinemeyer, were as usual faultless, but the duet of Hummel, executed by Madame Dulcken and M. Doepler, excited universal enthusiasm, by the extreme beauty of the composition and the exquisite taste with which it was presented to the audience. Madame Dulcken looked charmingly, and came out with life and spirit, proving herself by no means an unequal match with the German pianist. Hummel's mind was the dwelling place of melody; he could call on it at all times, adapt himself to all its forms, revel in its most delicate shades, following it through all its windings and bendlings, piercing to its most secret recesses. In the composition it swells and murmurs forth in a continuous and chrystal stream of elegance and refinement.

The vocal performers were Madames Cinti Damoreau, Placci, Birch, Mrs. A. Shaw; MM. Ivanoff, Stretton, Parry, jun., and Balfé. Mrs. Shaw (of whom we are bound to write first) gave a fine specimen of the *cantabile* school in the

"O Lord of mercy," by Pergolesi. The habit of changing contralto arias to bass, and *vice versa*, has been of long practice, and the song by Pergolesi appeared to every advantage in the lady's hands. Her other efforts were in a duet with Cinti, from the Ricciardo and Zoraiade of Rossini, and the delicious ballad "Scenes of my Youth," from Benedict's opera, "The Gipsy's Warning." These were admirably sung, and rewarded by every possible manifestation of delight. The voice of Cinti is as even as ever, but has lost much of its freshness. Still the finished artist is evident in all this lady attempts, and her facility of execution appears unimpaired.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.—This society which, since its establishment, has varied from the highest point of success to the lowest depth of despondency, terminated its meetings for the present season on Monday, by the appearance of the most distinguished vocalists, an unusual excellence in the programme, and a most brilliant and crowded audience. Grisi sang the scena from "La Gazza Ladra," Rubini, the opening song in "Otello," and Albertazzi, that by Tadolini. The duets were Grisi and Albertazzi in "Vanne se alberghi," by Mercadante; and Albertazzi and Rubini in the "Qual accent." The three vocalists were encored in the trio "Ah ! di qual sei," from Norma. These compositions were each very nicely accompanied; Mori, Tolbecque, Nadaud, N. Mori, jun., and some choice artists relying on themselves, and exhibiting much attention and refinement. Young Mori also appeared as a concerto performer in the aria varied by Mayseder, and is the worthy son of an honoured sire. He already possesses much of that very brilliant tone which is so transcendent in the playing of the senior, and his style promises to be what his father and friends would wish it. The other instrumental performances were the everlasting trio of Corelli, played by Lindley, Hatton, and Howell, and a concerto for the clarionet, the composition of Krommer, very delicately enunciated by Willman. The directors were, and ought indeed to be, much obliged to Madame Albertazzi for her readiness in proffering her assistance to aid them out of a dilemma occasioned by a second engagement of Madame Grisi. The programme was turned topsy-turvy—the second act squeezed into the first—order changed into the most admired confusion, because Madame Grisi was paid to sing elsewhere, as well as at the Societa Armonica. Our advice to the directors is short, but may be useful in similar circumstances. Recollect that as you pay in no stinted manner for your *prima donna*, do not be treated like the *bénéficiaire* of an annual concert: keep to your programme, and if your singer will not permit this, keep your money to yourselves. One experiment of this kind will altogether relieve you from future difficulties. The symphony (Beethoven in C minor) and overtures (by Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Weber) went off indifferently.

The Societa Armonica, like the Vocal Society, is labouring under dangerous symptoms, which are rapidly sapping the strength of its constitution, and we lament to observe that unless some active alternatives be applied before the commencement of the next season, like the Vocal Society, in all probability, it will cease to exist. If this event take place, it will be accomplished by means the opposite to those which ruined the contemporary association. The Vocal Society expired under the despotism—the iron sway of one individual; the Societa Armonica will give up the ghost from the vacillating direction—the bland, but shilly-shally amenities of an oligarchy. Musical Societies can only flourish under a despotism; but it must be the despotism of a clever, careful, watchful, and gentlemanly character, not that of a visionary enthusiast or a sluggish temperament. The class of *dilettanti* who subscribe for the purpose of hearing only classical music is very limited, neither is it sufficiently numerous to keep up, in full vigour, a subscription-list of any considerable length, and most certainly not of any very fashionable attraction. The director or conductor who relies, therefore, on what is termed classical music, or, in other words, extracts from Masses, the German operas, some dozen English songs, and some twelve dozen English glees (the music of the Vocal Society), is taught by woeful experience that his programme is sedulously eschewed by those who move in the higher circles, and by those who knowing classical music, still entertain the opinion that the concert-room should be the scene of a gentle and stimulating excitement. The latter have no desire to ascertain from the contents of a programme, how very much their kind and good natured director has yet to learn. Success cannot attend a

concert under such auspices ; neither will it follow the government of an oligarchy. It is not enough to bring together clever artists, to engage great singers, and to shed a genial patronage over a young and, to a certain extent, clever musician—at all events, a most amiable one. Misplace your orchestra, and you destroy its strength ; engage the fashionable singers, yet if you do not announce the fact amongst the fashionable circles, your money has been cast away.

The Societa Armonica has been governed by some four or five persons who have made their arrangements in a spirit which reflects great credit on their liberality. In the assistance of M. Laporte's company, they have an impregnable bulwark which no opposition can gainsay, and they possess the materials out of which might be formed a society which would far outstrip the celebrity of the Philharmonic. Let them engage the opera band without mutilation, place at its head a master-spirit, one well known and appreciated in the fashionable circles, this society must then become the first in the metropolis, because it would not only be a fine instrumental concert, but also unequalled as a vocal one.

We offer these suggestions in the best spirit, without reference to any personal considerations. Great loss has lately attended its *réunions*, and death is inevitably approaching, unless a strong reaction take place, and that speedily.

SIGNOR EMILIANI'S CONCERT.—This violinist gave a morning concert yesterday week, at the Hanover-square Rooms, which was fully and fashionably attended, the great attraction being the first appearance of Madame Cinti Damoreau, who paid her fourth and most welcome visit to this country. She was extremely well received, and her talents deserved the flattering reception, for she is the finest specimen of the French school. Her voice is a soprano of extensive compass, but of limited power—so limited, that we hear her with more pleasure in a concert-room than as a *prima donna* in a large arena. Cinti is, however, heard to the best advantage at the Opera Comique, in Paris, where, in the light music of Auber, Herold, Boieldieu, &c., she enchants all hearers by her consummate skill in the execution of the most complex *roulades*. In the conquering of rapid divisions, and in the taking of distances, intervals, as well as syncopated passages, this lady, has, perhaps, no superior. It is only when she essays music of a dramatic character, exacting force and energy, that the weakness of her organ becomes manifest. We preferred her singing of Fioravanti's buffo duet with De Begnis, "La Lezione di Canto," to her display in Donizetti's "Fatal Goffredo," and we think the company was more satisfied with her in two French Romances, than by any previous effort. She gave the latter with charming *naïveté*, accompanying herself on the pianoforte, as was the custom and after the manner of the never-to-be-forgotten Malibran. The other vocalists were Madlle. Caremoli, with a noble contralto, but a coarse style, Madlle. Piacci, who is acquiring more confidence, Madlle. Konig, in a German song, Miss Cooper and Miss Taylor in English ballads, Miss Nunn, Signor De Begnis, Balfe, and Curioni, in buffo pieces, Signor Negri, Mr. Croft, Castellan, Madlle. Parigiani and Ivanoff. The instrumentalists were Doebler, in a pianoforte fantasia. Laureate, in a violoncello solo, and the *bénéficiare* in two violin pieces of his own writing. The first caused the usual sensation, the second pleased by his vigorous exertion and good tone, especially in the harmonies, and the latter delighted by his passionate style and general correctness. Paganini entertained a very high opinion of Emiliani, and we should perhaps enjoy his playing infinitely more if he would select good music, and not always perform his own namby-pamby compositions, to be tolerated at private *soirées*, but not at public *réunions*.

MR. WESSEL'S SOIREEES.—The many novelties of the scheme for Saturday's Soirée, drew together not only the most distinguished amateurs of the metropolis, but many of *élite* of the profession. The compositions were selected from the works of Beethoven, Chopin, Henselt, Schubert, Reissiger, Rosenhain, Weber, Ganz, Keller, Lowe, Haydn, Proch, Van Bree, and Frisch. The vocalists were Miss Bruce, Miss Masson, Miss Cooper, Dem. Konig, M. Kroff, and Mr. Mansvers ; the performers Dem. Bott, MM. Rosenhain, Salaman, Lidel, Graham, and Frisch. Dem. Bott played two of Henselt's characteristic studies in a very elegant manner, with a truth and distinctness which rendered them absolutely perfect. The second study, "Si oiseau étais à toi je volerais," narrowly escaped an encore. But the gem of the evening was Rosenhain's delivery of some three or four

of Chopin's pianoforte studies. M. Rosenhain is the son of a Manheim merchant, and in his earliest boyhood was distinguished for extraordinary musical talents. He was successively a pupil of Backhaust, G. Gaa, I. Schmitt, Kalliwoda, and the celebrated contrapuntist, Schnyder Von Wartensee. When a boy, it seems he gained the title of the Mozart of Manheim, from his facility in extemporizing on melodies, and his aptness in reading the most difficult music at sight. When only twelve years of age he was appointed by the Prince of Furstenberg instructor to his son; and when only nineteen, produced an opera for the Frankfort stage, entitled "Der Besuch im Irrenhause," which was performed with much applause. Rosenhain's manners are exceedingly quiet and unassuming, and his abilities as a pianist are of first-rate order. His execution of the studies and a nocturne by Chopin, two studies and a romanza of his own composition, was triumphant in the extreme, and there were loud calls for the encore of the former. Reissiger's ninth trio (Dem. Bott, Graham, and Lidel), and Weber's sonata (Salaman and Lidel), were excellently well played, and the evening passed off with every demonstration of pleasure and satisfaction. A grand trio by Beethoven for violin, viola, and violoncello, is announced for the next soirée.

MR. CIPRIANI POTTER'S CONCERT.—Mr. Potter, as a sound musician, and one anxious to raise the character of the art and its professors, well deserves the attention of the musical public; and a highly fashionable company testified their sense of this gentleman's claims on their patronage by assembling in strong muster on Monday last, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The orchestra embraced almost every one of celebrity in the profession, amongst whom we were glad to recognize Dragonetti, who it would seem had broken through his rule (not to attend benefit concerts) in favour of a valued and much esteemed friend. The concert opened with the overture to the *Tempest*, the composition of Mr. Potter, and this gentleman performed Mozart's concerto in D minor, a Ricercate and Quartett concertante for piano, violin, violoncello, and contra-basse, on "Les Folies d'Espagne," each the production of the *bénéficiaire*. Cinti appeared indisposed, and sang with less of her usual brilliancy. Ivanoff, in the scene from the "*Lucia*," Miss Birch, in "*With verdure clad*," and Mdlle. Placci, in "*Ah s'estinto*," pleased as much as ever, and the whole performance proved agreeable to the company, and we should suppose really a benefit to the *entrepreneur*.

MISS DAY'S AND SIGNORINA MILANOLLO'S CONCERT.—We entertain an unconquerable aversion to most infantile exhibitions of manual dexterity, as we have too generally found "the little prodigy" thrust forward to display his or her industry in some composition far beyond the fair expression and command of the youthful hand. Besides this, the fearful thought will occupy our minds, that all this manifestation of precocity is (like the wondrous performances of the learned pig, or the wise tricks of the dog and the monkey), but too frequently the result of a cruel application, an intense toil, which has possibly abridged the child of many a light and joyous hour. With these feelings we commonly eschew every announcement of the kind; but not so the concert of the little girls, the Misses Day and Milanollo, whose performances we have ever considered to savour more of genius than of labour; more the glad ebullition of a musical existence, than the efforts of an over-excited and debilitated frame.

Miss Day, as far as her little hands will permit, is quite up to any thing which the difficulties of modern pianoforte music can demand of her. On Saturday last we heard her perform the Concert Stuck of Mdlle. Blahetka, a lady of very considerable attainments, who visited England some five or six years ago, as a pupil of Field, and appeared in this, her own composition, at one of the Philharmonic Concerts. It is a composition of great merit, and teeming with a dazzling brilliancy, and very well put together. The little Day, who stood at the instrument, went through the whole with marvellous spirit; and her steady performance and truth of expression reflects the highest credit on her master, who we understand to be Mr. Schultz. The audience, consisting chiefly of the *haut ton*, were aroused by the extraordinary nature of this exhibition, and expressed their delight in a very animated manner. The Signorina afterwards came forth, and her diminutive frame and tiny violin caused great and universal excitement. This Liliputian violinist has studied under Lafont, in Paris, and is now, we believe, under the

judicious and valuable care of Tolbecque. She played the well-known aria, in E major, of Mayseder, with a finish and delicacy which completely carried away the enthusiasm of her auditors. They were each accompanied by the band of M. Strauss, who conducted these compositions with a tact and skill which it was delightful to witness. Nothing could be more perfect than the solicitude with which he watched the progress of the concerto player, and the art with which he kept his orchestra in sympathy with her efforts. Mdlle. Placci, Miss Nunn, Mrs. E. Seguin; MM. Puzzi, Balfe, Ivanoff, Labarre, Castellan, Guibilei, De Begnis, Seguin, Barret, Bauman, Frisch, and Dumon, severally contributed to render the concert amusing and entertaining in the highest degree.

M. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—On Friday evening Her Majesty's Theatre was thronged to overflowing, and well did the *entrepreneur* deserve the success that attended his exertions; for whether we look at the selection of music, or the list of performers, it must be acknowledged that more could not have been well done to contribute to the gratification of the musical public. The programme consisted of three acts, which, although they presented some of the thousand-and-one-times repeated ingredients of a miscellaneous concert, still included many of superlative excellence and unabated attraction. The orchestra was complete, being formed by performers from the Opera, the Philharmonic, and Ancient Concert bands. The vocalists were Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, F. Wyndham, Romer, and Cinti Damoreau; Rubini, Castellan, Catone, Ivanoff, Tamburini, Lablache, Lablache fils, and Balfe; the instrumentalists, Doepler, Moscheles, Labarre, Oury, Tolbecque, Costa, and Benedict.

The evening was rendered delightful by many extraordinary and magnificent displays of transcendent merit and ability; the execution of the scena of Donizetti, "Quando in regio," by Persiani, was such as to efface from remembrance even all her previous efforts. A fine voice is a great gift of nature, but a fine style is a better gift, or rather the most valuable attainment which long study can bestow. Persiani's style is as original as it is pure and wonderful, resplendent with novelty, and animated with a sentiment as uncommon as it is unexpected. She varies a melody with infinite taste and judgment; animates and embellishes it in such a manner, that the composer would gladly welcome her *fioriture* as the offspring of his own imagination. The scena was welcomed with a perfect hurricane of applause, and nothing but the consciousness of a three act programme prevented a merciless *encore*. Grisi sang Marliani's "Stanca di piu," with her accustomed power; and Cinti, "the florid of the florid," aware of the impression which the command of scale and flexibility of execution possessed by Persiani had produced, preferred appearing before the audience with this songstress in the "Sull'aria" of Mozart, which being sang with much delicacy and without affectation, was imperatively called for a second time. Miss Romer sang the exquisite ballad, "Scenes of my youth," from "The Gipsy's Warning." Rubini sang, "Tis sad thus to fall," and Lablache, "Rage, rage thou angry storm," which gained an encore. The "Il Giuramento" was admirably given, and "the Mozart of the Italians," "the Swan of Pesaro," shone with irresistible splendour. It is a beautiful as well as sublime composition, and must command the approbation of the gravest judges of the art. The trio from "Malek Adel," places M. Costa in a very prominent position amongst the operatic composers of his age. His style is a masterly union of the German and Italian schools; his movements are bold in outline, and highly finished in execution, and we are sanguine enough to expect much excellent music from his future efforts. His style is the forcible, full of fire and brilliancy; but from his avocations it never ceases to be perfectly vocal. "Malek Adel" was not received by the English public with the attention or enthusiasm its merits demanded, but if M. Costa enrich the library of her Majesty's Theatre with another production of his pen, we think the habitues are too candid and generous a body not to acknowledge the act of injustice into which they have been betrayed.

The instrumental exhibitions were a duet by Benedict and Oury, for piano and violin; the fantasia on airs from "Guillaume Tell," by Doepler; and the celebrated triple concerto in D for three pianos, performed by Moscheles, Benedict, and Doepler. The graceful and accurate performance of Oury is not what it was in days of yore, and in despite of our unwillingness to entertain the impression, we could not but perceive symptoms of uncertain intonation. Benedict on the

pianoforte is the *ne plus ultra* of elegance ; there is a winning softness, a charming *nâvelé*, which appeals every moment to the heart, and his efforts were, as a matter of course, rapturously applauded. Doehler never played better ; he has followed our suggestion, and marks out the first note in each hand with a power and vigour, which recalls to the mind Thalberg in his happiest mood. The pianists present were the most enthusiastic of all in their expressions of admiration, and when they are pleased there can be little doubt as to the excellence of the performance.

Bach's concerto was executed with prodigious spirit. The first movement dignified, impressive, and elaborated with consummate art, had been most deliciously instrumented by Moscheles, and went off with marvellous accuracy. The andante had, we think, been curtailed, and we missed much of that tenderness, that rich and strange phraseology with which old Sebastian is accustomed to work up his adagio movements. The finale, which is the opening movement of another concerto is the very exuberance of a light and joyful heart. How gloriously do the noble sequences follow each other in a mystic maze of grandeur and simplicity ! how gratefully the old church cadences fall on the ear ! and yet all so clear and bright, so fresh and gay, that one would think it the work of yesterday. Each performer had his work to do, and manfully did he set himself to the grateful task. The Cadenzas, the composition of Moscheles, were strictly in keeping with the school, and were evidently the production of great care and forethought. Its conclusion was hailed with every possible demonstration of rapture and astonishment.

The concert, although of rare excellence, was of immoderate duration, and its termination was not reached until night had been turned into morning.

MR. E. HUMMEL'S Concert next week.

THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

LITTLE of moment has occurred at the major houses since we noticed Knowles's play. Both we fear, are kept open at considerable loss, in the vain hope that the influx of company at the Coronation may eventually replenish their treasuries. We say vain hope, because the tide of fashion has set in another direction ; and in no country is her sway so despotic as in this free one of ours. Yet the present melancholy position of the theatrical profession would be one to rejoice in, if it would school the actors to humility. A low opinion of themselves would put them at once on the path of improvement. To exemplify this, let us turn from actors to singers, now constituting one and the same body at our theatres ; can the latter suppose that they would perform to empty houses, if they had among them worthy rivals of the great Italian vocalists of the day ? With equivalent attractions, our word for it there are audiences in London to fill every theatre to overflowing. Again, let us enquire of the actors, whether if a company were to be culled from the whole present profession, it would match either of the *corps dramatiques* of Drury Lane or Covent Garden five and twenty years since ? And, if it could mate either, would such a company play to vacant benches ?

We will grant, as we have said above, that fashion is all but omnipotent in "this our isle" ; yet there must be worth in its object, or its sceptre becomes powerless. And there are numbers sufficient, who keep clear of the vortex of its votaries, to countenance whatever "worthiness does challenge all regard." We may instance, as a case in point, the crowds that overflowed Her Majesty's Theatre, on the production of *Il Don Giovanni*, for the first time this season, although, from the circumstance of the first state ball since the accession taking place that very evening, the *élite* of the great world were necessarily absent. The audience on that occasion did not consist of regular opera goers, but of true admirers of fine music, artistically executed, who would readily flock to our national theatres were a similar inducement held out.

Moral of the above—*Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera.* To descend from these sublime speculations, the Minors are now full of novelties, the staple products of Whit-

sun week. To describe them, however, is beyond our powers ; to see them, we fairly confess, more so still. The public, though, may take it for granted that they may " sup full of horrors," or may see some superlative low comedian, whose very face sets pit and gallery in uproar, by stepping into any " house of entertainment," of the smaller fry from the Surrey to " down east."

Astley's, gentle reader, we do not include in the above category : it is a *locale* in which our heart rejoiceth. We like the house itself, its tinselled decorations, its stout-lunged actors, its docile steeds, and even to the very smell of the sawdust, but most of all do we love the bright little faces that catch the eye in every direction, now deepening into wonder, now jocund with the mirth of the quaint jesters of the ring ; and, thanks to our star, we can marvel and can laugh with them. The doings here are to us a perpetual Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Whatever be the commencing piece, whether "The Siege of Troy," in which, by wondrous alchemy, Paris was surnamed the Grecian, and Menelaus, the Trojan, or, as now, "The Olympic Conquest of Babylon;" it is still *idem et alter*. There are an ill-used princess, a hero, a villain, captivities, deliverances, tourneys, processions, dances, and a plot that must be a puzzle to its very author. The language can be no other than what Homer calls "the speech of Gods," to distinguish it from that of man ; for it certainly is not of this world, and the acting assuredly has not its parallel. Then follow the scenes in the circle, in which the horses are more intelligent than most human beings, and the exhibitors concerned therein either have no bones to break, or are in league with the evil one. And then—but here we pause, for let the attraction be what it may, we leave directly the marvels of the arena have vanished. We would not have our recollections of them bedimmed or interfered with. They live in the volume of our brain "unmixed with baser matter."

The Haymarket is enjoying a career of full success; for, independently of Power, Vestris and C. Mathews are transplanted thither.

Also we have to record that the imitable personations of the celebrated ventriloquist, M. Alexandre, are attracting goodly company to the evening entertainments of the Colosseum.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Opera House was crowded in every part last Thursday night, to witness Madame Persiani in a new character—Rossini's "Matilde di Shabran e Corradino," or the "Triumph of Beauty," being revived for her benefit. The heroine has been successively and successfully represented on former occasions by Madame Ronzi De Begnis, Madame Boccabadate, and Madlle. Blasis ; but it must be at once conceded that Persiani's triumph over her predecessors was unquestionable. From the commencement to the finale she was most triumphant, and it was quite refreshing after having been inundated with the twaddle and fustian of Donizetti, to hear this highly gifted *cantatrice* pour forth the Rossinian strains, albeit *Matilde* is one of his inferior compositions. *Matilde* has to subdue the heart of *Corradino* (*Cuor di ferro*), surnamed the iron-hearted ; and he must indeed have been insensible who could have resisted Persiani's fascinating appeal :—

"Ami alfine, chi non ama ? Ama l'aura, Fonda, il pore;
Se di te trionfa Amore non te devi vergognar,
Agli affanni suor segreti son soggetti anche i Guerrieri;
Anche i Medici, i Poeti, son costretti a aspirar."

She obtained a rapturous encore in the second act, in the duet with Tamburini, who strengthened the cast by enacting *Aliprando*. She announces therein her intention of bringing to her feet the hater of women, *Corradino*, and the *naïve* answer to Aliprando, "Io son donna e tante basta" was alone a proof of her histrionic powers. Madame Eckerlin was the *Edoardo*, which at one time was to have been assigned to Albertazzi. Although the former was not what could be wished, the infliction of the coldness of the latter would have been insupportable. Rubini took Donzelli's favourite part of *Corradino*, and Lablache was the substitute for De Begnis as the wandering poet *Isodoro*. The latter was irresistibly droll, so droll that the utter absurdity of Lablache, playing a starved man, was entirely forgotten. In this respect De Begnis had a decided advantage over his stupendous successor, and nobody could doubt the earnest appeals of the former for the good things of this life. Lablache has genius, and consequently can over-

come all physical defect. If he can, and he will, act Falstaff, like Stephen Kemble, without stuffing, he could, in an emergency, if he understood the language, equally assume the attributes of the starved apothecary. Lablache's antics and by-play were most diverting, and he elicited shouts of merriment. The value of his singing in the concerted music can easily be understood and appreciated. Upon the whole, it was highly judicious to afford amateurs the opportunity of hearing Persiani in the *Matilde*. She has shewn the versatility of her talents both for singing and acting, and we shall be delighted to hear her again in this opera as well as in other productions, for she cannot be too often before the public, fixed as she now is in estimation as the most accomplished musician now at her Majesty's Theatre.

Between the acts of the opera, Taglioni danced, and afterwards bounded on as the *Sylphide*, tripping it "on the light fantastic toe," until her wings were clipped, and then vanished, like an ethereal spirit, into thin air.

The reappearance of this *danseuse* has reacted powerfully on the subscribers, who had been too long deprived of her. The history of her re-engagement is curious, and unexampled in diplomatic annals or Terpsichorean records. Bunn and Laporte were the great negotiators and aspirants, not for the hands but for the feet of Taglioni. She has been a sufferer by both managers, and knew not what to do; for as she had already lost money, she was mistrustful. It is not generally known, that she is the most devoted wife of a spendthrift and gambler, and that the proceeds of her immense exertions (for those of a *danseuse* are inconceivable to those, who only see the grace and apparent ease from before the curtain,) are devoted to pay the debts of honour and dishonour of her husband. Laporte, who hoped to have got through the season without her, offered her terms, less than she can have at any minor theatre in France; Bunn wrote with a *carte blanche*; but the Italian opera house manager, having been brought to reason by the "pressure from without," as well as "the noise within," for a valuable consideration persuaded Bunn to quit the field of competition. Taglioni was then induced, for the remuneration of 120*l.* per night, to favour us with her *petits pas*. This sum, it must be understood, is to clear off the old incumbrances; and now all parties are satisfied, for her Majesty's Theatre is unrivalled, just at the present moment, in every department.

On Saturday night we had Donizetti's *Parasina*, of which we entertain the opinions expressed in our last number. Instead of being attractive for the singing, it is only endurable by the acting. Grisi and Tamburini carry away the honours. Their duet in the second act is an astonishing dramatic effect. Her Majesty was present, and a highly fashionable company, who remained to witness Taglioni. She gave a *pas de deux* with Guerra, an Italian dancer of vigour, but with little grace, between the acts of the opera; and in the ball room scene from *Benjowsky* she introduced, for the first time, the original "*Mazourka*," composed for her during her stay in the Russian and Polish capital. There was a general but somewhat inconsiderately cruel demand for a repetition, which was gracefully complied with, when the Queen joined in the demonstration of gratification. The *pas cracovienne* of Romain in this ballet is not yet forgotten; but Taglioni's "*Mazourka*" is infinitely more characteristic, and more close to the original dance; the essential difference between this northern *pas* and that of the southern, is that it is almost entirely effected by the heel instead of being from the point of the toe, thus it is a succession of emphatic stamps and slides, the head and body inclining in various sinuosities to keep up a corresponding action. The *ensemble* is a very coquettish affair, and indicates the wild and Cossack mode of doing the amiable. Taglioni looked divinely, and was as much at home as in the floating *Naiade*, the bounding *Bayadere*, or flaunting *Sylphide*. This *Mazourka* will become the rage, and Taglioni has advanced her art by stepping beyond the conventional rules of the regular positions.

DRURY LANE.—A new opera or melodrama was produced on Thursday last, entitled *Dominica*; the author of which has prudently concealed his name. To describe the plot would require a genius rivalling its inventor. There is a lady who prays and screams, a lover who whines and does nothing else, a brigand who murders and kidnaps—in short, wonders follow upon wonders, "to make up a show"—but we cannot pretend to make intelligible the unintelligible. Though

termed an opera, it is one of that herd which ought to have been confined, "as rarer monsters are," to the delicate audiences of Bartholomew fair. The music was the composition of Mr. Lodge, a gentleman who has distinguished himself by gaining the prize for the best vocal composition on various occasions at the Catch Club. Mr. Lodge has probably learnt by this time that it is one thing to write a glee for the old gentlemen at the Thatched House, and another to write an opera for Drury Lane. We wish we could add that he was the only musician who has imagined that because he has attained one branch of the art (limited as that may be) he knows the whole. If he were, we should have a smaller number of conductors, fewer organists, and a very select company of dramatic composers. As the music did not afford us the least gratification, so we have no recollection of a single movement. It is certainly the least fitted for the stage of any we ever listened to, and the accompaniments were in the highest degree puerile and absurd. We believe the daily critics agreed in speaking unfavourably of this unfortunate display, with the exception of the writer of the "Morning Chronicle," who was so good as to talk about Mozart, and other kind and gratifying allusions. It is very well to have a friend in court to say a word in time of need, and we congratulate Mr. Lodge that this has been his case; but the operas which have recently appeared, the productions of such composers as Messrs. Lodge, Phillips, Romer, &c., are not likely to add much reputation to the musical literature of our country, and, as far as we can judge, little or nothing to the treasury, which is perhaps a matter of more consideration to "the powers that be," with whom lies the honour of the short-lived existence of these nondescript trifles.

COURT CIRCULAR.

The Queen and several persons of distinction were present on Saturday last, at the performance of the Opera of Parisina.

Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent attended divine service on Sunday morning, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The musical service was Barrow's in F. The sanctus and responses by Davy. The anthem, "Praise the Lord, O my Soul," (Croft) Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

The Queen Dowager also attended divine service, and afterwards attended to receive the Sacrament, which was administered by the Rev. Dr. Sleath.

The band of the 20th Regiment was in attendance at the Palace during Friday evening.

The band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards attended at the Palace on Thursday evening, and performed alternately with her Majesty's private band.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. BLAGROVE has announced his Morning Concerts for Tuesday, the 19th inst. He will perform Mayeder's new variations, Beethoven's grand sonata in A, for piano and violin, with M. Doebler, and a quadruple concerto by Jansa, in which he will be joined by Herr Pott, M. Hauseman, and another. The vocalists muster strong on this occasion. Mde. Cinti Damoreau, Mrs. Shaw, Mdlles. Caremoli, Woodham, &c. &c.; Ivanoff, Seguin, Kroff, Parry, jun., F. Lablache, and others. This clever artist has not hitherto had to complain of want of encouragement; and we have every reason to expect his concert will prove as attractive as any of the season.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T. will perceive that we have noticed the subject of his communication in our Leader.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL BOYS. We intend to refer to the visit of the Bishop of London to Adelphi Terrace.

MR. J. L. SCHRODER. A communication awaits this gentleman with our Publisher.

OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS. We are grateful for the many reports forwarded us respecting the Concerts in the provinces; but the press arising from the number of those in the metropolis compels us to lay them aside for the present.

A. B. The impression of Mendelssohn's Concerto is not what it ought to be. We agree with the writer in every particular, and have determined not to notice the composition until a correct edition shall have been issued.

A YOUNG MUSICIAN. We know nothing about the Gresham Prize, but we believe it has not yet been published; nor do we know who is to take the place of the late Mr. Stevens.

T. F. is a silly fellow. The individual he alludes to does not write a line for this Publication.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.	
Ghalleberg.	Quadrilles from "Parasina."
Doebler's Fantasia on airs from "Festa della Rosa."	Mori
— Ditto ditto	"Lucia di Lammermoor."
Donizetti, No. 11 and 12	"Les Fleurs d'Italie," 12 melodies arranged by Burgmuller
Hunten.	Duet on theme by Puget.
Ferrenc.	"Les Italiennes," No. 1,
— "Cavatina de Norma."	Ditto
Pilati.	Grand Valse a la Suisse from his ballet "Le Chalet."
— "Les Filles de Paria," le valses Brillantes	Boosey
Strauss.	"Die Celebthen Fortuna und Venetianer Galoppen."
— Waltzes arranged as Duets, No. 1, Gabriellen; 2, Elizabethen; 3, Rosa; 4, Philomena.	Ditto
Rosenhain.	"Gay Loisirs," Deux Rondeaux, sur des motifs de Brugière, Nos. 1 and 2.
Bott, J.	Amusement de Salon, No. 1, Waltzes, Polonoises, Galops, &c., Op. 48.
VOCAL.	
Donizetti.	"Voga i qual lago," duet, "Parasina."
— "Io senti tremar la mano," Oavatina, ditto	Chappell
Nelson, S.	"Mary of Argyle,"
Spohr.	"Folg' dem Freunde mit Vertrauen," duet
Vrucht and Luigi.	"Oh! could'st thou but know?" guitar accompaniments
White, P. F.	"Oh! yes I remember," ditto
— "Portrait Charmant," ditto	Ditto
White, P. F.	"I'm pretty, don't you think," Lonsdale
HARP AND PIANO.	
Bochsa.	Arrangement of "Parasina" Mori
— Three Gallops by Strauss, viz., Fortuna, Venetiana, and Paris.	Boosey
— Same arranged for harp and piano.	Ditto
Spore, N. J.	"Our home is in the Greenwood Shade," duet, "The Musical Wife," an original ballad
M'Colla,	"I'm pretty, don't you think," Tolkein
FLUTE.	
Sousmann.	Le grand Solos Andre MISCELLANEOUS.
Kummer.	Grand Trio for 2 Flutes and Piano, by Clinton, Op. 67.
Eliason.	"Le Delizie della Campagna," Weasel
Rondo Pastorale, Op. 15	Ditto
Kuhlau.	"Bouquet de trois Roses," No. 1, variations on an Austrian air, piano and violoncello concertante.
Clinton.	Guirlande of Six French Melodies, Flute and Piano, No. 4, 5, 6.
Czerny.	Coronation Marches for a military band, by C. A. Waetzig.

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MISS WOODHAM has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and her Friends, that her Evening Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, June 25th, 1838, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Mademoiselle Caremoli, Mademoiselle Piacelli, Miss Fanny Wyndham, Miss Birch, Miss Woodham, Signor Ivanoff, Signor Giubilei, Mr. Balfe, Mr. Parry, Jun., and Signor De Begnis.

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Mr. Rosenhain.....	Pianoforte.
Mr. Mori.....	Violin.
Mr. Lindley.....	Violoncello.
Mr. J. B. Chatterton.....	Harp.
Mr. Heinemeyer.....	Flute.
Signor Fuzzi.....	Horn.

The Orchestra will comprise the most eminent talent, including Messrs Mori, Tolbecque, Moralt, Lindley, Barret, Baumann, Willman, Harper, Fuoss, &c. &c. &c.

Leader, Mr. Mori. Conductor, Signor Alari. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Addison and B-ale, 201, Regent Street; Charles Olivier, 41, New Bond Street; and all the principal Music Sellers; and of Miss Woodham, 8, King William Street, Strand.

MR. BLAGROVE'S Grand Morning Concert, under the Patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, and of His Excellency Prince Esterhazy, will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday next, the 19th of June, at half-past One o'clock.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Madame Cinti Damoreau, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Mademoiselle Caremoli, Misses Woodham, Lockey, and Bruce; Signors Ivanoff, Castellan, Giubilei, and F. Lablache; Messrs. Seguin, Kroft, and Parry.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Mons. Doebler, (who will perform a Fantasia, and Beethoven's Grand S-mata in A with Mr. Blagrove,) Herr Heinemeyer, Signor Giulio Regondi, &c.

In the course of the Concert Messrs. Blagrove, Eliason, Moralt, and Hausmann will perform a new Quadruple Concerto for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello; and Beethoven's Septuor will for the first time be executed by sixteen Violins, ten Violas, eight Violoncellos, six Double Basses, two Clarinets, two Horns, two Bassoons, lately produced with such eminent success at Paris. Conductor, M. Benedict. Leader, Mr. Loder.

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London : J. Alfred Novello, 69, Dean Street,

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SIGNOR DE BEGNIS and Mr. MORI'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on SATURDAY, the 23rd of June, at One o'clock, for which they have engaged the celebrated Cantatrice, Madame Cinti Damoreau, and the extraordinary Pianist, Mr. Doebler, who will perform his Grand Fantasia on Guillaume Tell; and with the celebrated Madame Dulcken, a Grand Concertante Duet for two Pianofortes, which is now in course of preparation.—

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Messr. Cinti Damoreau, H. R. Bishop, Woollyatt, Zamboni, Woodham, Cooper, and Ecklerlin, Messr. Alfred Shaw, Piacelli, Wyndham, and Caremoli, Signor Ivanoff, Castellan, Begrez, Curioni, and Marras. Messrs. H. Phillips, Giubilei, Stretton, Parry junr., De Begnis, Balfe, Seguin, and Nigr. Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton a Fantasia on the Harp. Mr. Mori a Concerto—De Beriot, Messrs. Mori and Lindley a Grand Concertante Duet; and Mr. Richardson (the celebrated Flautist) Beethoven's celebrated Septuor will be performed by Sixteen Violins, Ten Flutes, Eight Violoncellos, Six Double Basses, and the Wind Instruments doubled, as played at the Concerts of the Conservatoire Paris.

The Orchestra will be on the usual Grand Scale. Leaders, Messrs. Mori and Tolbecque. Tickets, 10s. 6d., Stalls, 11s. 6d., and Reserved Seats in the Royal Boxes to be had of Mori and Lavenu's Musical Library, 28, New Bond Street.

MENDELSSOHN'S CONCERTO, Op. 40.

On the 29th of May was published the Grand Concerto in D for the Pianoforte, composed for, and performed at, the late Birmingham Festival, by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, dedicated to Mrs. Anderson.

London: J. A. Novello, 69, Dean Street, Soho, where may be had all Mendelssohn's Works.

To Messrs. Rowland & Son, 20, Hatton Garden, London,

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Your humble servant,

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